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SELECTED ELEGIES OF THE STATE OF CHU

ECHO OF CLASSICS



杨宪益 戴乃迭 英译

楚辞选 SELECTED ELEGIES OF THE STATE OF CHU

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出版前言

本社专事外文图书的编辑出版,几十年来用英文翻译出版了大量的中国文学作品和文化典籍,上自先秦,下迄现当代,力求全面而准确地反映中国文学及中国文化的基本面貌和灿烂成就。这些英译图书均取自相关领域著名的、权威的作品,英译则出自国内外译界名家。每本图书的编选、翻译过程均极其审慎严肃,精雕细琢,中文作品及相应的英译版本均堪称经典。

我们意识到,这些英译精品,不单有对外译介的意义,而且对国内英文学习者、爱好者及英译工作者,也是极有价值的读本。为此,我们对这些英译精品做了认真的遴选,编排成汉英对照的形式,陆续推出,以飨读者。

外文出版社

Publisher's Note

Foreign Languages Press is dedicated to the editing, translating and publishing of books in foreign languages. Over the past several decades it has published, in English, a great number of China's classics and records as well as literary works from the Qin down to modern times, in the aim to fully display the best part of the Chinese culture and its achievements. These books in the original are famous and authoritative in their respective fields, and their English translations are masterworks produced by notable translators both at home and abroad. Each book is carefully compiled and translated with minute precision. Consequently, the English versions as well as their Chinese originals may both be rated as classics.

It is generally considered that these English translations are not only significant for introducing China to the outside world but also useful reading materials for domestic English learners and translators. For this reason, we have carefully selected some of these books, and will publish them successively in Chinese-English bilingual form.

Foreign Languages Press

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离骚

帝高阳之苗裔兮,朕皇考曰伯庸。 提贞于孟陬兮,惟庚寅吾以嘉名: 皇览揆余时度兮,肇锡余以嘉名: 名余曰成今,字余以以多。 多吾既有此对美兮,双重之以为佩。 启云若将不是兮,现年岁之之宿莽。 明事之木兰兮,为揽兴之之宿莽。 时月忽其不淹兮,恭美人之迟暮。

LI SAO

A Prince am I of Ancestry renowned. Illustrious Name my royal Sire hath found. When Sirius did in Spring its Light display, A Child was born, and Tiger marked the Day. When first upon my Face my Lord's Eye glanced. For me auspicious Names he straight advanced, Denoting that in me Heaven's Marks divine Should with the Virtues of the Earth combine. With lavished innate Qualities indued. By Art and Skill my Talents I renewed; Angelic Herbs and sweet Selineas too, And Orchids late that by the Water grew, I wove for Ornament; till creeping Time, Like Water flowing, stole away my Prime. Magnolias of the Glade I plucked at Dawn, At Eve beside the Stream took Winter-thorn. Without Delay the Sun and Moon sped fast, In swift Succession Spring and Autumn passed; The fallen Flowers lay scattered on the Ground. The Dusk might fall before my Dream was found.

不抚壮而弃秽兮,何不改此度? 乘骐骥以驰骋兮,来吾道夫先路! 昔三后之纯粹兮,固众芳之所在; 杂申椒与菌桂兮,岂维纫夫蕙茝? 彼尧舜之耿介兮,既遵道而得路: 何桀纣之猖披兮,夫唯捷径以窘步。 惟夫党人之偷乐兮,路幽昧以险隘。 岂余身之惮殃兮,恐皇舆之败绩! 忽奔走以先后兮,及前王之踵武。 荃不察余之中情兮,反信谗而赍怒。 余固知謇謇之为患兮,忍而不能舍也。 指九天以为正兮,夫唯灵修之故也!

Had I not loved my Prime and spurned the Vile, Why should I not have changed my former Style? My Chariot drawn by Steeds of Race divine I urged; to guide the King my sole Design.

Three ancient Kings there were so pure and true That round them every fragrant Flower grew; Cassia and Pepper of the Mountain-side With Melilotus white in Clusters vied.

Two Monarchs then, who high Renown received, Followed the kingly Way, their Goal achieved.

Two Princes proud by Lust their Reign abused, Sought easier Path, and their own Steps confused. The Faction for illicit Pleasure longed; Dreadful their Way where hidden Perils thronged. Danger against myself could not appal, But feared I lest my Sovereign's Sceptre fall.

Forward and back I hastened in my Quest, Followed the former Kings, and took no Rest. The Prince my true Integrity defamed, Gave Ear to Slander, high his Anger flamed; Integrity I knew could not avail, Yet still endured; my Lord I would not fail. Celestial Spheres my Witness be on high, I strove but for His Sacred Majesty. Twas first to me gave his plighted Word,

曰黄昏以为期兮,羌中道而改路。 初既与余成言兮,后悔遁而有他。 余既不难夫离别兮,伤灵修之数化。 余既滋兰之九畹兮,又树蕙之百亩。 畔留夷与揭车兮,杂杜衡与芳芷。 冀枝叶之峻茂兮,愿俟时乎吾将刈。 虽萎绝其亦何伤兮,哀众芳之芜秽! 众皆竞进以贪婪兮,凭不厌乎求索。 羌内恕已以量人兮,各兴心而嫉妒。 忽驰骛以追逐兮,非余心之所急。 老冉冉其将至兮,恐修名之不立。 朝饮木兰之坠露兮,夕餐秋菊之落英。 苟余情其信姱以练要兮,长颇颔亦何伤! But soon repenting other Counsel heard. For me Departure could arouse no Pain; I grieved to see his royal Purpose vain.

Nine Fields of Orchids at one Time I grew,
For Melilot a hundred Acres too,
And fifty Acres for the Azalea bright,
The Rumex fragrant and the Lichen white.
I longed to see them yielding Blossoms rare,
And thought in Season due the Spoil to share.
I did not grieve to see them die away,
But grieved because midst Weeds they did decay.

Insatiable in Lust and Greediness
The Faction strove, and tired not of Excess;
Themselves condoning, others they'd decry,
And steep their Hearts in envious Jealousy.

Insatiably they seized what they desired, It was not that to which my Heart aspired. As old Age unrelenting hurried near, Lest my fair Name should fail was all my Fear. Dew from Magnolia Leaves I drank at Dawn, At Eve for Food were Aster Petals borne; And loving thus the Simple and the Fair, How should I for my sallow Features care? With gathered Vines I strung Valeria white, And mixed with blue Wistaria Petals bright,

揽木根以结茝兮,贯薜荔之落蕊。 矫菌桂以纫蕙兮,索胡绳之缅缅。 謇吾法夫前修兮,非世俗之所服。 虽不周于今之人兮,愿依彭咸之遗则。 长太息以掩涕兮,哀民生之多艰。 余虽好修姱以靰羁兮,謇朝谇而夕替。 既替余以蕙鑲兮,又申之以揽茝。 亦余心之所善兮,虽九死其犹未悔! 怨灵修之浩荡兮,终不察夫民心。 众女嫉余之蛾眉兮,谣诼谓余以善淫。 固时俗之工巧兮, 偭规矩而改错: 背绳墨以追曲兮,竞周容以为度。 忳郁邑余佗傺兮,吾独穷困乎此时也。 宁清死以流亡兮,余不忍为此态也!

And Melilotus matched with Cassia sweet, With Ivy green and Tendrils long to meet. Life I adapted to the ancient Way, Leaving the Manners of the present Day; Thus unconforming to the modern Age, The Path I followed of a bygone Sage.

Long did I sigh and wipe away my Tears,
To see my People bowed by Griefs and Fears.
Though I my Gifts enhanced and curbed my Pride,
At Morn they'd mock me, would at Eve deride;
First cursed that I Angelica should wear,
Then cursed me for my Melilotus fair.
But since my Heart did love such Purity,
I'd not regret a thousand Deaths to die.

I marvel at the Folly of the King,
So heedless of his People's Suffering.
They envied me my mothlike Eyebrows fine,
And so my Name his Damsels did malign.
Truly to Craft alone their Praise they paid,
The Square in Measuring they disobeyed;
The Use of common Rules they held debased;
With Confidence their crooked Lines they traced.

In Sadness plunged and sunk in deepest Gloom, Alone I drove on to my dreary Doom. In Exile rather would I meet my End, Than to the Abaseness of their Ways descend.